That all the treaſons of theſe eighteene yeares
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Gloſters* death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeving adverſaries,
And conſequently like a Traytor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of blood:
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abels* cryes,
(Even from the tongueleſſe cavernes of the earth)
To me for Iuſtice, and rough chaſticement:
And by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arme ſhall doe it, or this life be ſpent.

King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares;
Thomas of *Norfolke*, what ſayeſt thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my ſoveraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I have told this ſlander of his blood,
How God and good men hate ſo fowle a lyer.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdomes heire,
As he is but our fathers brothers ſonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereneſſe to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
The unſtooping firmeneſſe of our upright ſoule.
He is our ſubiect (*Mowbray*) ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and fearleſſe, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke* as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat; thou lyeſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I to his Highneſſe ſouldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my ſoveraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lye. For *Gloſters* death,

I ſlew him not; but (to mine owne diſgrace)
Neglected my ſworne duty in that caſe:
For you my Noble Lord of Lancaſter,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſſe that doth vex my grieved ſoule:
But ere I laſt receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant, and moſt degenerate Traytor,
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe my gage,
Vpon this overweening Traitors foot,
To prove my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſome.
In haſte whereof moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſſe to aſſigne our tryall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no Phyſition.
Deepe malice makes too deepe inciſion.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good Vncle, let this end where it begun,
We'l calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your ſonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age,
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of *Norfolkes* gage.

King. And *Norfolke*, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harry* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid agen.

King. *Norfolke*, throw downe, we bid; there is no boote.

Mow. My ſelfe I throw (dread Soveraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame,
The one my duty owes, but my faire name
Deſpight of death that lives upon my grave
To darke diſhonours uſe, thou ſhalt not have.